

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins



"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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IT'S a Good Thing for our Peace of Mind that we don't know about ALL the Pets we Overlook!

Climbing and Covering Up help us to Stay the Distance—but that isn't winning!

The Tall and Uncut is Simply a Shelter for the Skeet!

The Trick can't be Turned by a Man in a Trance!

Pleasant to Read that she's Engaged to an American and that the Duke of the Abruzzi will Run for O'Stint and the End Book!

Toughology has no place in the Curriculum because the Toughologist is Born, not Made!

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed—but he wasn't Made to Lean Upon!

Aggressiveness gets the Judgment and Arrogance pays the Damages!

It's easier to Square one Whopping Lie than to Squirm from a Network of Little Ones!

The Tiredest Man we ever knew called it the Conservation of Energy!

Imitation is Envy's Echo!

In his Youth, "They" all said that Wagner's Future was Behind Him—and then he Wrote Music for All Futurity!

There's no Futility to Equal that of the Man who Bets for Another Chance without Ever Giving Himself One!

The Way to Beat that Getting-You-Out-on-A-Limb Thing is to Choose One that Reaches to the Ground!

As a sprinter, Opportunity is in a Class by Himself when Once he Passes By!

A Lot of our Energizing is so Misdirected that it's like Running Around in Circles!

The Peasantry only Picks Over the Debris of Life!

The It-Can't-Be-Done Club uses the Ritual of Ramesses!

"Some Day" is a Station that's Not in the Schedule of Success!

Self-Reliance likes to Make it from a Standing Start!

Any Invertebrate can "Taper Off," but it Takes a Man to QUIT!

Every Time we Wait for our Out-Point Rival to Curl up and chuck it, he Decides Differently!

The Fellow who, Many Years Ago, Bragged that he Could Drink Rings Around Us, is now Getting His'n out of a Tomato Can!

Let George Do It!

By George McManus



Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

When Their Ages Differ.

MY dear girls, it is foolish to marry a man much older than yourself. It is, in my opinion, equally foolish for a man to marry a girl older than himself.

This I know is a rather sweeping statement, but, speaking generally, such marriages do mean unhappiness. Not necessarily because the bride who is older than her husband loses her youth and prettiness before her husband loses his good looks. This is a factor, too, in their probable unhappiness, but not the main factor. The main factor is that people of different ages have different interests, and different interests divide people more surely than anything else in the world.

It is not natural for young people to like light and gaiety and for older people to settle down to more quiet enjoyments. Just use your common sense, my dears, and you will realize where a great difference in ages between two people, married to each other, is liable to land them.

He Does Not Propose.

A GIRL who signs her letter "L. A." writes:

"I am in love with a man and he seems to be in love with me. He calls on me every Sunday evening and has for the past two years. But he does not propose. What shall I do?"

You will have to wait until the young man asks you to become his wife. You cannot make him propose.

She "Lets Him Call."

A MAN who signs his letter "G. M." writes:

"I am in love with a girl and would like to ask her to marry me. She lets me call on her, but she will not let me kiss her. Do you think she returns my affection?"

The young lady is quite right not to permit you to kiss her, and you can find out whether she loves you or not by asking her to marry you.

Just a Glimpse Into The New York Shops

ALTHOUGH it is still comparatively early in the season the shops are offering excellent bargains in wash goods, and the woman who selects one of the shorter fabrics, preferably in a floral design, can confidently lay it aside for next summer, when it will be "right in style."

Marquise, which has gained such popularity during the past season, will continue in vogue. Waists of this material stamped in pretty, new French designs are 50 cents.

White plique shirts with side front opening are good value at \$1.50. Those in tulle effects are \$2.50.

Silk Shetland scarfs, two yards long, have deep fringes at the ends caught together in a knot. They are decidedly pretty as well as serviceable, and can be had in prevailing shades at \$2.50.

Delicate white metal chains have coral pendants in various shapes. They are very dainty and reasonable at 50 cents.

Along with the Oriental trend of fashion the tapestry handbags are increasing in favor, and they are now offered with or without a frame, as low as \$1.

The coming strong vogue of beads is calling out the bead handbags and purses. Dainty little coin purses in gilt or white beads show a tiny floral design that is most exquisite. They sell at \$1.

Others have coin purses and sell at 50 cents.

Children's ready-to-wear hats in plain or mixed straws are just the thing for traveling. They are in mushroom shape in blue and red, and are simply trimmed with velvet ribbon. It is a very stylish hat at \$2.50.

New stationery with the diagonal flap is shown in violet, orchid or blue flecked, and has the fashionable narrow border. It ranges in price from 50 to 75 cents.

Crepion underwear is ideal for traveling. It was produced as nightgowns, but is now offered in all pieces. The trimming usually consists of fine linen lace. A short petticoat with a fine tulle lace edging is 75 cents.

Weddings of Yesteryears.

SOME of the wedding reminiscences of the old man in the chimney corner—if there is a chimney corner, which is doubtful—are almost startling, in their financial simplicity. At least, when viewed from the modern cut glass and \$50 a month apartment point of view.

Get the old man to talking some time and find out how much his wedding journey cost him and how much capital he had on which to set up the business of housekeeping.

Some of these reminiscences are almost unbelievable. They show such simple confidence in Providence and good luck and the ultimate working out of things for which no present provision could be made, says the Chicago Tribune.

Quite a typical honeymoon of sixty or seventy years ago was the prairie schooner voyage. Back in Indiana or Ohio or some other of the thickly settled communities the affair would start with two loving hearts and two strong and willing pairs of hands.

The lovers would have an abounding faith in themselves and in the future. Otherwise the lover's assets would include \$2 in cash, a Sunday suit of clothes, more or less homespun, a good

The Moving Finger

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Bertrand Saton is befriended by a cynical, but not unkind, old man, who, for years, has been a member of the "Saton" family. The old man, who is now a member of the "Saton" family, is a member of the "Saton" family.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued.)

"THE Great Naudheim."

HERE has never been a time," Saton said thoughtfully, "when knowledge has not been for the good of man."

She shook her head. "I wonder," she said, "whether we realize what is for our good. Knowledge, development, culture, may reach their zenith and pass beyond. We may be some day debauched by the surfeit of these things. The end and aim of life is happiness."

"The end and aim of life," he contradicted her, "is knowledge."

"I am a woman, you see," she said thoughtfully.

"And am I not a man?" he whispered.

"To play at, you mean," he murmured.

"You don't really do very much do you? The women don't in your world."

"You are polite," she answered lightly.

"To play at, you mean," he murmured.

"In a moment," he said.

She was inclined to rebel. They had moved a little from the window, and were standing in a darker part of the room. She felt his fingers upon her wrist. She would have given the world to have been able to wrench it away, but she could not. She stood there, submissively, her breath coming quickly, her

A Swiss Puzzle

new and strange in her life, something of which she was a little afraid, and yet from which she would not have willingly parted.

She told herself that she detested the house which she had left, detested the thought of that darkened room. Nevertheless, she was forced to look back almost before her own door she met the man who had been her husband.

"Mr. Saton," she said, "I am sorry that you must really let me go."

He did not move.

"It is very hard to let you go," he murmured. "I don't want you to realize a little that it is always hard for me to see you go—to see you leave the world where we have at least interests in common, to go back to a life of which I know so little, a life in which I have so small a part, a life which is scarcely worthy of you, Pauline?"

Again she felt a sort of physical impotence. She struggled desperately against the loss of her power which kept her there. She would have given anything in the world to have left him, to have run out of the room with a little shriek, out into the streets and find a refuge in the arms of some other man. She knew so well, she knew so well, that she had known all her life, to escape from this unknown emotion. She told herself that she hated the man whose will kept her there. She was sure of it. And yet—

"I do not understand you," she said.

"And I must, I really must go. Can't you see that just now, at any rate, I don't want to understand?" she added, fighting all the time for her words. "I want to go. Please do not keep me here against my will. Do you understand? Let me go, and I will be grateful to you."

Somewhere the strain seemed suddenly lightened. He was only a very ordinary, rather doubtful sort of person—a lame, but not a very interesting, man. He had moved toward the door, which he was holding open for her to pass through.

"Thank you so much," she said, with genuine relief in her tone. "I have stayed an unconscionable time, and I found your Master delightful."

"You will come again?" he said softly.

"I want to explain a little further what the situation is," she said.

"You don't really do very much do you? The women don't in your world?"

"You are polite," she answered lightly.

"To play at, you mean," he murmured.

"In a moment," he said.

She was inclined to rebel. They had moved a little from the window, and were standing in a darker part of the room. She felt his fingers upon her wrist. She would have given the world to have been able to wrench it away, but she could not. She stood there, submissively, her breath coming quickly, her

Lyrical Liltings of Lonesome Liz

By Elizabeth Gordon

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Lilt Eight.

I unlocked the door of this old room.

To-night, the whole blame place was full of gloom.

When I seen somethin' yellow, on the floor,

A telegram, they'd slid in through the door.

A wire from Joel Gee, I was awfully glad.

I plumb forgot that I was ever mad.

Forgot the other man, my job, an' him!

Flopped on the floor an' cried like everythin'.

An' I've made up my mind this town is punk.

I'm goin' back to dear good old Podunk.

Where Mother is, 'n' Dad, an' where I know,

Waitin' to meet the cars will be my Joe.

THE END.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rochester's Ultimatum.

HE park into which they turned was almost deserted. Pauline stopped the carriage and got out.

"Come and drive with me a little way," she begged. "I am stifled. I want some fresh air. I want to talk to you. Oh, come, please!"

Rochester took the vacant seat by her side at once.

"What is it?" he asked gravely. "Tell me. You look bad news?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "I am afraid—that is all."

"I am," he answered. "I thank God for probing and dissecting nature for probing and dissecting nature to discover things which we are not fit to understand. It, even, they do exist. It's a sort of spiritual vivisection, Pauline, and it can bring nothing but quiet and unhappiness. Grant for a moment that Naudheim, and that even this hound Saton, are honest, what possible good can it do you or me to tear upon their lips to become their disciples?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "Yet it's hideously fascinating. Henry—honest! And the man himself—Bertrand Saton, I can't tell what there is about him. I only know—"

She broke off in the middle of her sentence. Rochester caught her by the wrist.

"Pauline," he said, "for God's sake, don't tell me that that fellow has dared to make love to you."

"I don't know," she answered. "Sometimes I feel almost as you do. And at others, well, I can't explain it. It isn't any use trying."

"Where have you been this afternoon?" he asked gravely.

"To hear that awful man Naudheim," she answered. "Henry, I wish I'd never been. I wish to heaven I'd never asked Bertrand Saton to Beauregard."

Rochester's face grew darker.

"What if I'd wrung the fellow's neck the first day I saw him?" he declared, bitterly. "But, after all, Pauline, you don't take this sort of person seriously."

"I wish I didn't," she answered.

"He's an infernal charlatan," Rochester declared. "I'm convinced of it, and I mean to expose him."

"You can call him what you like," she said. "But there is Naudheim behind him. There is no one in Europe who would dare to call Naudheim a charlatan."

"He is a wonderful man, but he is mad," Rochester said.

"No, he is not mad," she said. "It is we who are mad, to listen a little, to think a little, to play a little with